



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JULY
1967





TIBETAN woman in Darjeeling, India. Note various types of jewelry she is wearing. Photo by Stanley J. Paszkewicz.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 22, No. 7

July, 1967

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE	
\$4.00 per Year	Foreign: \$5.00 per Year
\$7.50 Two Years	\$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● An acquaintance who went into Assam during the Indo-Pakistan conflict tells of an unusual "bonus" flying from Calcutta to Gauhati. Planes that usually flew over Pakistan were then going north from Dum Dum to the mountains before going east, giving him an unforgettable view of the Himalayas. Many of the highest and most beautiful peaks were clearly visible on the trip . . . it was well worth traveling around the world to see. It would seem that the Indian Tourist Bureau might find it profitable to arrange scenic flights like this for the benefit of visitors.

● Cover picture shows airborne engineers preparing the Myitkyina Air Base in Burma, which was captured by Merrill's Marauders and Chinese troops for the landing of the 1st Troop Carrier Squadron. The cooperation of these troops with the fighter planes made a strategic base for the capture of the city. Here Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell (right) has intelligence reports checked at Myitkyina. USAF photo taken May 17, 1944.

● It's time for Ex-CBI Roundup's annual "summer vacation;" as usual there will be no copies for either August or September. This will be a good time for us to get additional material lined up for fall, so keep on sending us pictures, letters and articles. Next Roundup will be the October issue.

● In the meantime, we suggest you keep in touch with CBI and CBIers by attending the annual CBI Reunion to be held August 3-4-5 at the Sheraton Gibson Hotel in Cincinnati, Ohio. You'll enjoy it thoroughly!

JULY, 1967



Joint Dinner

● On Saturday night, May 27, the New York Basha joined with the Delaware Valley Basha of Philadelphia, Pa., and the Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell Basha of Washington, D.C., in a very successful affair at the Glen Lake Inn, outside of Philadelphia. This joint dinner was sparked by the lively Philadelphia Basha. New York responded suitably and Philly brought in the Washington Basha. A Gombai party was included with lots of jing-bao juice; no Carew's Gin or Tiger Brand was available. Another get-together party is planned for fall, with the New York Basha as host-instigator.

JOHN J. GUSSAK,
New York, N.Y.



THIS CARTOON, by Sudhir Dar, is reprinted from The Statesman of Calcutta and New Delhi. It is one of a series by the artist, entitled "Out of My Mind."



YOUNG CAMELS feeding at a north India cattle market. Photo by Leslie F. Kipp.

Cooper Appointed

● Sidney A. Cooper, president of Silo, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa., has been named to the dealer advisory board of Mart Magazine. A veteran of appliance and home electronics retailing, Cooper founded his present multi-outlet operation following discharge from the U.S. Army where he saw service in World War II in North Africa and the China-Burma-India Theater. He was a non-commissioned officer with the 35th replacement Battalion at replacement de-

pots near Calcutta, including Camp Kanchrapara. (From a magazine clipping submitted by Jim Ashcraft, Newton, Iowa.)

Camp Kanchrapara

● Saw the item by Howard Gorman (about Camp Kanchrapara) in the May issue and if I'll just take the time I can furnish material and photos. If my memory was right, Howard was with the 35th Replacement Battalion at Kanchrapara. We did the same type of work but I was with the 24th Replacement Battali-

on. I have some photos of debris and cleanup after the headquarters there burned when a lantern exploded in the charge of quarters area. Those thatched and bamboo buildings don't last long when a fire starts! I was working at night at the adjacent building but we couldn't do anything except get a few papers out of message center and then protect our own building which had thousands of service records of transient men at the camp.

JIM ASHCRAFT,
Newton, Iowa

1304th Engineers

● Have just returned from a brief visit with my former "boss" on the Ledo Road, Lt. Harvey "Cutter" Belote, Jr., of Cape Charles, Va. We both served with the 1304th Engineers and recalled many of our experiences together. Thank you for keeping our memories refreshed, and up-to-date items along with memories in your magazine.

W. G. BRUCE,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Easterbrook Retires

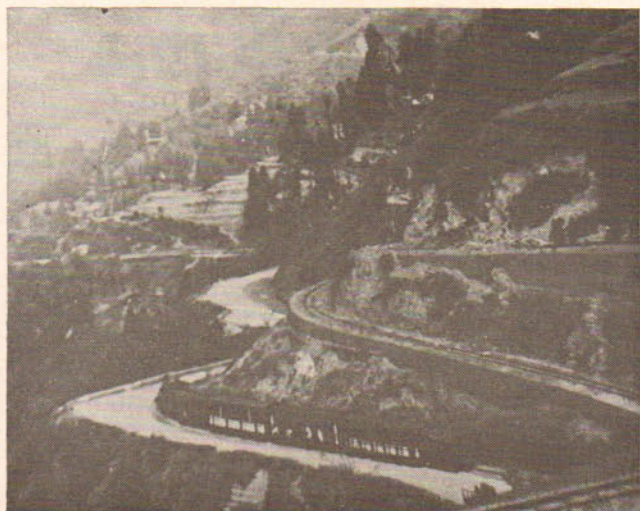
● On May 31, 1967, Major General Ernest F. Easterbrook retired after 36 years of service, in ceremonies held at the Presidio of San Francisco where he had been serving as Deputy Commander of the Sixth Army. As a colonel he was chief of the Tactics School, Ramgarh Training Center, in India during World War II teaching infantry tactics to the 22nd and 38th Chinese divisions. Later during General Joseph Stilwell's Burma Campaign these two Chinese divisions demonstrated that they had learned tactics extremely well. Easterbrook was widely known throughout the CBI Theater. Mrs. Easterbrook is a Stilwell daughter.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.



GETTING CHUMMY at Shingbuiyang with an idol from either Myitkyina or North Bhamo are four GIs. Left to right are Herb Kite, "Cappy" Capparetti, Howard Diffenderfer and Russ Kopplin.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



RAILWAY winds around to climb the mountain at Darjeeling, India. Photo by Julius L. Rosenfeld.

Gooney Bird

● We thoroughly enjoyed Col. G. D. Spurgeon's "Old Soldier; The Gooney Bird" in April Roundup. I am sure every CBler still gets a warm glow as I do whenever he sees a C-47 fly over. And in this age of fast jets I still see many of the old Gooney Birds chugging along. As long as they keep flying, we can't be getting **very old**.

COL. EARL O. CULLUM,
Dallas, Tex.

the monsoon season in 1944 we moved to Dacca and hauled gas over the Hump into China. Some weather to fly a 5,000-lb. overloaded airplane in! We used all of the mile runway to get off in the hot damp air, then landed at Kunming at elevation of 6,250 feet. Landings were so hot at this altitude that many main gear tires were blown on that cobblestone runway. I was one of the fortunate ones whose tires held. I flew 51

missions with a total of 440 combat hours. Some of our missions took us up to 15 hours duration. Needless to say, some colorful experiences were encountered. I was happy to get out of that place and back to my new bride in the USA, but would do it again if need be. I now have a son in Vietnam and only about 500 miles from where some of our targets took us. Hope some of my old luck has rubbed off onto him and he gets back without a scratch as I did.

QUENTIN W. SHULTZ,
Griswold, Iowa

Shalimar Gardens

● Am interested as a collector of articles and 35 mm color slides of Shalimar Gardens (Abode of Love) located at Lahore, India. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who has the above materials. Your magazine is tops. My son was killed in Burma.

WM. L. MALLOY,
1852 So. Allport,
Chicago, Ill. 60608

We have pictures taken at Shalimar Gardens near Srinagar, Kashmir, but none from Lahore. Perhaps some of our readers can help.—Ed.

327th Harbor Craft

● Received the April edition and was surprised to read a letter from Dr. Thomas E. Davis, a former 327th Harbor Craft buddy. He also mentioned the names of a few of my old buddies in the same outfit whom I had forgotten about over the years. I recall Tom very well. Here's for a bigger and better Roundup for the coming years.

HOWARD GORMAN,
Sonora, Calif.

7th Bomb Group

● Spent 15 months in India with the 7th Bomb Group, 436th Squadron. This was a Liberator bomber outfit; however, during



BANNER of China-Burma-India Theater is prominently displayed on ship bringing troops home from that area in October, 1945. Photo by Ray Heath.

With the British in Burma

By JOHN P. BONDURANT

11 MARCH: I spent the whole day today, "sweating out a ride" by plane to Ondaw, Burma. A C-47 of the 1st Combat Cargo Group was supposed to come by to pick up some equipment for the 18th AAA Mg Battalion, but he disappointed us.

12 MARCH: We got off by C-47 today, destination Ondaw, Burma. Lt. Albert Kling of the 18th AAA Mg Battalion, Lt. Roger Mullins of our 89th Air Service Sq. and I were together. We flew a straight course to Ondaw, passing first over the distributaries of the Meghna River, over the paddy land lying west of the Chin Hills, then over these hills which rose to about 7,000 feet elevation. In these hills I saw villages perched on ridges; I saw the winding mountain road which crosses to Burma; and the myriads of trails leading from village to village.

Then we broke suddenly away from the hills and over the Myitha River which flows in a south-north direction at the foot of the Chin Hills. From here on, we were passing over small villages with pagodas dotted about, over pagodas in the paddy-land, over a few miles of waste land. Then over the Chindwin River, the Mu River, and we were landing at Ondaw. We had taken off at 0910 from Tezgaon, had covered 350 miles, and were on the ground at 1132, just 2 hours 22 minutes in the air.

Flying high over the mountains had made me dig my field jacket out of my pack. But now it was hot. A dry wind, unlike the hot, humid winds of Tezgaon. But the temperature was higher than Tezgaon, and it didn't take me long to realize it.

Lt. Kling had a weapons carrier to meet us, and after dropping Roj Mullins with the 645th AAA Mg Battery we went on to the headquarters of the 18th AAA Mg Battalion. I was not too closely associated with those boys while they were at Tezgaon-Kurmitola, except for Capt. Ralph Black, an Atlanta and Georgia Tech boy. But all of the fellows there were wonderfully nice to me. I had come

over, an uninvited guest who was planning to stay for almost a week with them!

These are the boys: Lt. Col. Robert S. Watterson, CAC, Commanding Officer; Maj. Jeffries, CAC, Executive Officer; Maj. Murphy, S-3; Capt. Hank H. Hahn (Aiken, SC), CAC, S-2; Capt. Ralph Black (Atlanta), CAC, S-4 with Lt. Albert Kling as Asst. S-4; Lt. George Ford, Adjutant & S-1; Mr. Hank Harris, Motor Transportation Officer; Capt. Tom Terry (Arkansas), MC, Surgeon; Lt. Bill Harrington, CAC, Commanding Officer, 645th AAA Mg Btry; Lt. Bob Gardner, 645th AAA Mg Btry; Lt. Otis Craig, 645th AAA Mg Btry.

It happened that Maj. Murphy was visiting the 687th AAA Mg Btry at Meiktila, Burma, so I was given his cot. It was in a pyramidal tent, and wonder of wonder, it was screened. The boys had used salvaged mosquito bars and some camouflage burlap to screen the tent, so it was quite nice.

The whole Headquarters camp was pitched under a clump of mango trees, a nice shady spot in the middle of a cotton field! It was the first cotton that I had seen since departing the States, and though the cotton stalk looked more like a small peach tree than a Georgia cotton stalk, it made me homesick for our Sunny South.

Out under the trees on a big piece of plywood were the situation maps of Burma, Italy, Europe, and the Pacific. I studied the one of the Burma campaign closest, for I was now on the fringe of Allied territory with Jap positions only a few miles away, between us and the Irrawaddy River. Mandalay, occupied jointly by the British and Japs, was only fifteen air miles away, separated from us by a high north-south ridge and the Irrawaddy River.

After dinner, Capt. Hahn invited me to ride with him over to the headquarters of the 268 Brigade. I was anxious to go anywhere, so was delighted to accept. We took a jeep and bounced over some rocky roads, over a short Bailey Bridge erected the day before to replace one which had been destroyed by the Japs, then through Ondaw, a couple of miles southward, finally turning off the main road and bumping over a rocky road into a ravine near an old country house. A few seconds walk brought us to a dugout which was Brigade Headquarters. It was well dug into the hillside, with logs supporting an earth roof.

From an authentic wartime diary comes this story of a visit by three American lieutenants to a British unit in combat in Burma.

The author, who now lives at Athens, Ga., was S-1 and adjutant of the 54th Air Service Group at Tezgaon, India.

Nearby was another dugout, from which I could hear the telephone operator giving messages by use of the phonetic alphabet.

Capt. Hahn's mission was two-fold. He wanted to obtain from Brigade the "sitrep" for the day. "Sitrep" is one of those British abbreviations, this one meaning "situation report". The second mission was to get permission for us to visit a front line in the Brigade Sector. The British officer, Maj. Richardson, said there was little of interest at the moment, but that there should be a "good show" the following morning when the Jap position in the Saye Railroad Station was to be attacked. So we made plans for the following day and returned.

The remainder of the day was spent at leisure, with nothing to do except sit. Several of us just outside the tent, under a mango tree, the favorite sitting place of the Headquarters officers. There was an unusual amount of banter between the officers, and the morale was as high as a kite.

The mango tree that shaded the sitting room also served as a support for a 55-gallon steel drum in the bottom of which was a shower head and valve. The drum was about seven feet above the ground, and a shower floor made of tent pegs nailed as slats on two cleats completed the shower. All that was necessary was to fill the steel drum—. Each afternoon there was a strip-tease floor show, one officer doing the stripping and the others teasing him about various parts of his anatomy.

There is little to write about the remainder of the day. A movie in the evening, under the cool of the mango trees. Then to bed under a mosquito net, though I had seen very few mosquitos.

13 MARCH: A cold shower started the day off right, then a good breakfast. The boys say that time was when the chow was very poor . . . but now it's plenty good.

A novel innovation noticed this morning was the latrine. Built of a 55-gallon steel drum with both ends knocked out, it is used as a casing for the pit and a support for the plywood slab that sets atop the barrel and in which is cut the familiar Chick Sale hole-with-cover. It's all right for an emergency or temporary job, though it's a far cry from the Church seats of home!

We heard this morning that the British, in a surprise move yesterday, took Maymyo. This town is east of Mandalay, is said to be the Darjeeling of Burma, and very beautiful. It is said that it will be used as a rest camp for the 14th Army.

Yesterday, last night and today I have heard occasional booming of artillery from the south. And there are British Hurricanes and Spitfires, some in formations, others singly or in pairs, going to or from a mission. And I see lots of L-5 (Cubs) flying overhead. These are used for liaison and for evacuating the wounded from the front to Shwebo.

But the most interesting part of the morning was spent in Doc Terry's hospital tent. For there was an operation, under real field conditions. Lt. Guido Catania, the Communications Officer of the Battalion, had neglected to have a very ordinary operation performed while he was an infant, so the Doc had talked him into a little Burma Surgeon surgery. So with about a half-dozen of us standing by and making wise-cracks, Doc Terry nipped the bud in fine style, a perfect circumcision. After the sewing was complete, Ralph Black brought in his Kodachrome film for an authentic picture. This was taken with Doc's hardware in full view, lying beside the damaged part!

Just after dinner, Blackie, Hank and I went to Brigade Headquarters to get final permission for our trip to the Saye show. On the way over we passed a few jeeps that had railroad wheels stowed in the back, presumably for later use on the railroad tracks.

We were disappointed by Brigade Headquarters. The Brigadier had called in from his forward command post, said everything was going well but that they were under fire and wanted no visitors. So we turned back into Ondaw and jeeped over to see a few nearby pagodas. They are interesting things, these pagodas. They are ornate and grotesque, but of remarkable workmanship. Built of brick cores, plastered and figured with cement plaster, then painted a yellow or blue or white; but all with the top of the shaft either gold leaf or gilded. The latter, I presume.

The central pagoda was the largest. In it sat a big Buddha, legs crossed in the most uncomfortable manner, and with an open and cupped hand in his lap. I presume the open hand draws the rupees. On each of the four sides of the big pagoda were smaller ones with a figure in a niche, facing the big pagoda. The figures were all grotesque, at least they appeared so to me.

These pagodas were surrounded by a plastered brick wall. Outside was a pavillion of teak wood, probably the assembly hall for the pagoda group. Incidentally, all of the big and small wood buildings in Burma seem to be teak. Teak is used as is Georgia pine at home. Using this precious wood for rude pur-

poses reminds me of the trip that Mary and I made to Tate, Georgia, when we saw mountain huts perched on marble pillars and with marble steps; and marble stone used as road and railroad ballast!

There's little else to write about today. A bridge game tonight in the mess tent that the boys call "Club 18," then to bed.

14 MARCH: This morning the boom of artillery seems louder than heretofore. But this is the day for our visit to the front, and I'm as excited as a kid . . .

We went to Brigade Headquarters and were briefed as to the route to be taken in reaching our objective. There were four of us when we started out: Blackie with his Kodak, Hank Hahn, Sgt. LaRocca of our Motor Pool, and I. We were in Hank's jeep and headed southward on a hard surfaced road. After we had gone about five miles, Hank began to wonder if we hadn't missed the road on which we should have turned eastward. But we continued on, going around a bridge that had been blown and not replaced, crossing a railroad track from which the rails had been removed, then crossing over a strand of barbed wire that was suspended across the road, then crossing another strand of wire further south. We were now sure that we had missed our road, for Indian soldiers were in their foxholes and a few observers were atop several pagodas nearby. So we stopped and asked instructions from a British officer. He told us that we had missed our turn and that we couldn't go further south unless we wished to attack the Japs!

About a mile south of us lay the town of Pagoda in which was a great, domed pagoda in which Japs were housed. The dome of the pagoda looked somewhat like the dome of our Capitol, and it was tremendous. I should like to have gone in it, under more favorable conditions.

The British officer told us that the previous day an RAF lorry loaded with tents and RAF boys had come that far down the road that we were on. The officer stopped the lorry and inquired of the RAF boys where they were going. The reply was that they were headed for a new RAF rest camp at Sagaing, about five miles down the road. I don't know who had played this practical joke on the RAFs, but Sagaing was still in Jap hands—and still is!

We backtracked for a couple of miles to a road leading east. After following this road for about four miles, we came on a place where Tommies were emplacing two 3.7" mountain guns. We watched the boys roll the guns into position, then inquired the route to the command post of the battalion for which we were

looking.

Ahead of us, about two miles eastward, lay a high ridge running north-south. This ridge was about 1,000 feet high and perhaps ten miles long, lying just west of the Irrawaddy River. There was scanty vegetation on the ridge, just tufts of crab grass and some scrub trees. The Japs hold the ridge and use it for observation points.

We turned southward off the road for a few hundred yards and came on the bunkers and foxholes of one of the Infantry companies, a part of the Gurkha battalion for which we were looking. We strolled over to the dugout of the company commander and introduced ourselves to Capt. Collard, the British officer commanding. He invited us into his dugout which was about six feet wide by eight feet long by four feet deep. Here we sat and chatted with him while he told of his experiences in the British Army.

He had been in Burma when the Japs began moving into the Malay Peninsula. He and his unit were ordered to Malaya to help stem the tide, but after they reached the northern boundary found that it was a case of "too little, too late". The Japs drove them back, back, back. They had no motor transport, walked all the way back into Burma; acted as rear guard to the small Stilwell party, up through Mandalay where they blew the bridge that spanned the Irrawaddy behind them. But the Japs continued to drive them northward, so they continued their forced marches while trying to fight a rearguard action. They were driven out of Burma, into Ukrul which lies a few miles north-east of Imphal.

Here the Jap drive was spent and the British forces were augmented. So Capt. Collard and his unit started driving the Japs, but still walking. Eastward over the mountains, then southward down the Kebaw Valley, these fellows marched with eighty pounds of equipment on their backs! They picked up a few elephants to use as beasts of burden and lightened the packs that way. Then they fought the Japs, driving through Tamu, then south-eastward to Shwebo, then southward to the present position which was some eight miles north-west of Mandalay! From Ukrul they had walked 650 miles; to get to Ukrul from Malaya they had walked more than a thousand!

Capt. Collard called his CO on the field phone, asking permission for us to visit his command post. We were then given a Gurkha guide whom we followed for some two hundred yards, the Gurkha at a walk which was so fast that we had almost to trot to keep up with him. We climbed a hilltop on which was located

the usual pagoda. Here we introduced ourselves to Lt. Col. Irwin, the battalion commander. He was a little, wizened fellow of about fifty-odd years, and was apparently in the "pink" of condition. Col. Irwin was as cordial as Capt. Collard had been, and seemed to enjoy seeing some new faces. He got out his maps on which he had plotted the locations of his units and of the known Jap positions. Then he described the battle that he had fought on the previous day—the one that we hadn't been permitted to see. The Japs were strongly bunkered in the Saye Railroad Station, and in the village of Saye itself. The Infantry was having trouble digging them out. On the night previous, the Japs had charged the Infantry position of "B" Company, but "B" was well bunkered and repulsed the attack. The Jap lieutenant leading the attack reached one of the bunker positions as the gunner inside fired his last round from his Bren gun. The Jap reached down and grabbing the muzzle of the Bren gun, pulled it out of the bunker. At that moment, though, a Gurkha gunner from a nearby bunker killed the Jap. The boys got a good pair of prizes off the dead Jap officer, a Jap flag and sword. Both are in great demand over here!

In the same skirmish, a Jap Warrant Officer was wounded. He crawled into the bushes but died that night. His body yielded a big Jap flag, four feet square, a photo album with snapshots taken in Java, in Malaya, in various parts of Burma including Mandalay; some shots taken, I suppose, in Japan, with perhaps the Jap's family and graduating class at military school as subjects.

But to get back to the day's battle. Col. Irwin arranged to get a squadron of tanks to give him support. The tanks flanked the bunker positions, then turned into them, crushing them as the tanks rolled over. So the Jap positions were taken, with 28 Jap dead and few Gurkha casualties. While this explanation was going on, those two 3.7" mountain guns were firing over our heads. We would hear a sharp blast as the projectile went over our heads, then a second later the sound of the weapon that fired it!

The Colonel pointed out the positions of his and enemy troops, with all of us standing behind the pagoda for safety. Then Blackie told the Colonel that he wanted a picture of him, standing against the pagoda. Blackie was using color-film, and wanted plenty of sunlight. So he walked around the pagoda (to the Jap side) and designated a spot where he wanted Col. Irwin to stand. "I say, Old Boy, that isn't a good place to

be. The Japs have been dropping mortar bombs over this way today. If you want my picture, you'll have to get it on this side of the pagoda." Blackie demurred, but the Colonel had it his way. While Col. Irwin was posing, and before Blackie snapped the shutter, a mortar-bomb dropped against the pagoda, also exactly where Blackie had tried to get the Colonel to stand. Said the Colonel, "See, that's what I mean."

In the palm of the Buddha at the Colonel's command post was a tiny gilded Buddha. That bum Blackie lifted this off the Colonel and brought it back as a souvenir. I was sorry when I found that out, which was after we were almost back to Ondaw, for the Colonel had been extremely nice to us.

The Colonel took us back to his dugout, down by Capt. Collard's place. Here we had "CHAR" (tea), while the mountain guns continued to lob occasional projectiles over our heads. As we were walking to the Colonel's dugout, the Colonel saw one of his Gurkha non-coms and congratulated the fellow on the fine job that he'd done on patrol that morning. Then he looked into a dugout and saw a Gurkha soldier on a stretcher, with a bullet wound in his leg. The Colonel seemed very interested in his men, and very sympathetic. He told the soldier that he'd send him to the hospital for treatment, but the soldier replied that he didn't want to go to the hospital—he'd get well right there! The Colonel spoke Nepalese fluently, and all this conversation was in that language.

While we were having tea with Col. Irwin and Capt. Collard, a British Signals officer, Capt. Stubbs came up. He had a slight scratch on the top of his head and gave us the history of his wound. He, with several others, were the previous day riding in a jeep down the road that we had traversed today. They were ambushed by Japs who had a machine gun planted at the edge of the road, concealed in bushes. The Japs fired a burst at them from about ten yards, but missed. Then the Japs threw several grenades at the jeep, but by now the accelerator was on the floorboard and the boys were getting away FAST. A slug of a grenade went through a part of the jeep body and lodged in the driver's fanny; another took off Capt. Stubb's cap, grazing his head! But nobody was badly hurt. "God moves in a mysterious way . . ."

Capt. Collard brought out his kukri. All British officers and men carry them in the field, just as we carry hunting knives. The kukri had been given him by the Maharajah of Nepal, the guy who owns and pays for this battalion of

Gurkhas. The kukri had a handle of rhinoscerous tusk, the kissing of which is supposed to make one sexually powerful. Wish I had a tusk myself!

Blackie got out his color film again and took a few pictures of Col. Irwin, Capt. Collard, and of us in a group. He obtained the addresses of all so that he might send prints of the pictures to the Colonel and Capt. Collard. Capt. Collard asked that his be sent to a girl on Riverside Drive, New York!

On the way back, we stopped by the gun positions and watched the Tommies lay on a target by indirect fire and fire about four rounds. Then we proceeded back to Ondaw, after a most pleasant morning.

That night Maj. Richardson, of the 268 Brigade Headquarters, came around to camp for a chat. During the course of the conversation, Maj. Richardson told us that he had lived in the States for a few years. His father had been at Mayo's Clinic. I didn't learn whether he was there as a patient or physician, but I think the latter.

Maj. Richardson told us also of a Burmese officer who deserted the Jap army nearby and came to Brigade Headquarters offering to bring a band of fifty Burmese, now in the Jap army, over to fight for the British. The Burman convinced the Brigadier that he was straight and on the level, so arrangements were made for the change of allegiance. An Intelligence officer from Brigade Headquarters, Capt. Barnett, is now leading these traitor-Burmese with excellent results. The guys are well disciplined, not afraid to fight, they know the Jap positions and the Jap tactics, and they're about to drive into Kamaing, a large town across the Irrawaddy from Mandalay. On our return from the "front" today, we saw lots of Indian soldiers in jeeps and lorries going southward on the highway. Maj. Richardson said they were about 200 strong, and are going out to reinforce these Burmans.

15 MARCH: Last night some Burmans drove bullock carts to the gasoline dump at the air strip and carted away about 30 drums of gasoline. Some of the thieves have been caught and some of the gasoline recovered.

This morning we were called by one of the 645th AAA fellows from a gun position on the field, who told us that several Jap prisoners were being brought in. We hurried over to do some rubbernecking, and saw seven of the scrawniest, most insignificant looking Japs that I can imagine. Perhaps they are good soldiers—or perhaps they wouldn't have been captured if they were good soldiers. I don't know. But they were a sorry

looking lot. All were in civilian clothing, and in sock-feet. No shoes.

Blackie gathered the captives and West African captors together for a picture. All of the guys, captor and prisoner alike, seemed to enjoy the picture-taking. One of the Japs was apparently about sixteen years old; all seemed to be well fed.

Just after dinner Lt. Bob Gardner came over for me and told me that he thought he had things lined up for a quick one-way trip to Mandalay! Boy, was I delighted. We had made tentative plans for this, and I was packed and ready to go. So we rode over to the Liaison strip where a batch of L-5s were taking off. As each would taxi out, we ran up to the pilot to try to bum rides to Mandalay. Finally I found one that was going there, and climbed aboard. Roger Mullins and Bob Gardner were to follow at first opportunity, and we were to meet on the landing strip in Mandalay.

We flew at about 100 feet in a northeasterly direction, skirting just north of a shallow lake about two miles wide and five miles long; then we headed east toward the mountain ridge that rises from the west bank of the Irrawaddy. At the top of the ridge, I saw a tunnel piercing the ridge-top. That probably housed a Jap observer.

Clearing the ridge, I got my first glimpse of the Irrawaddy; then we were flying over it at about 90 feet, then across paddy land in a southeasterly direction, then the pilot circled and cut his motor for a landing. While we circled, I tried to find the strip that we were to land on, but couldn't identify it. The pilot put her down just west of the railroad that runs northward from Mandalay. When I got out, I could see why I didn't recognize the "field." It was just a strip of paddy, about 150 yards long, with one BUND levelled out!

At the strip I introduced myself to a British lieutenant, whom I found to be Lt. L. R. McPherson, Hq 64 Indian Infantry Brigade. I chatted with him for a while, as I waited for the next member of my party to land. Finally, Roj Mullins came in. Then we sweated out Bob Gardner.

While we were waiting, I saw two of the L-5s take-off with wounded Burmese civilians. The L-5s are based at Ondaw, fly over to Mandalay and pick up wounded, take them to Shwebo to a hospital, then return to Ondaw for the next trip. It's just a continuous circle, with enlisted pilots doing the job. The boys are a part of the 164th Liaison Squadron, 1st Air Commando Group.

I had taken off at Ondaw at 1315, landed at Mandalay at 1332 hours. Roj

came in about a half-hour later, and we waited until 1515 hours for Bob. Finally we gave him up and started for Mandalay, about 1½ miles south.

We had our field bags well loaded, in order to have some presents to give the front-line warriors. I had two cartons of cigarettes and a quart bottle of Schenley's whiskey, plus three boxes of carbine ammunition, and my pack was heavy! But we trudged along the dusty road, singing "Road to Mandalay." Finally we flagged a jeep-load of Indian soldiers and hopped a ride with them. They got us into the city limits, but then we had to drop off as they were going to pick up supplies from a supply-dropping field.

So we climbed out and continued our walk southward through the city. How far we walked, I don't know. But we rounded a corner just in time to see some Tommies pulling a 6" gun away from a position from which they had been firing. They told us that their target had been the north gate of Fort Dufferin, the high brick wall of which we could see just 300 yards away! The Fort is occupied by the Japs. The gun was firing point-blank at the gate, and of course bashed it in.

We trudged on southward until we flagged another jeep. This one was driven by a Tommy, and had a loaded trailer behind. The Tommy asked where we were going, and we replied "wherever you are." I climbed up on the pintle which connects the trailer to the back of the jeep, then bounced fanny-first over the back of the jeep to the seat. Here I got a surprise, as my left back pocket landed full on the upturned blade of an intrenching pick. My pants pocket was ripped almost off, but it and my wallet kept me from getting a wound that my friends would have insisted had been gotten while in full flight from the enemy!

Fort Dufferin is a high walled area, one mile square. Around the wall on the outside, lies a wide moat which completely encircles the Fort. The brick wall is said to be 15 feet thick, and the Japs are said to have banked up about 25 feet of earth on the inside to support the wall. On top of the wall are brick dentils with gaps between, and at the corners and at each buttressed offset in the wall, there is a little peaked roof which houses a guard post. Inside the Fort are the Government House, Palace, barracks, and rows of shade trees bordering drives and walks.

Our driver stopped the jeep about midway down the west wall, and we watched another 6" gun fire a round point-blank into the wall which was

about 300 yards away. We left before the smoke cleared away and the dust settled, so I couldn't see the results of the shot.

We drove on southward, past the southwest corner of the Fort, then turned east for a block and stopped. By now it was late afternoon, and it was time for us to be making plans for the night. So I looked up the Staff Captain (comparable to our Adjutant), told him our mission, and got him to introduce me to his commanding officer. So I met Lt. Col. Finch, Commanding Officer of the Berkeley Battalion of Infantry.

The Colonel asked me lots of questions: where I came from, what for, how did I get to Mandalay, how did I get down to his position, and why; whether I had reported to Brigade Headquarters to ask permission to roam about in their zone of operations. When I answered "NO" to the last question, he said he should Court Martial me, but wouldn't, that I was welcome to share his lot for the night, but that he had no equipment to offer me and the night would be rough. I told him that we were prepared to take care of ourselves, so everything was settled.

I wandered back to where I had left Roj, behind the brick building in which the Colonel had his command post. There was an American Field Service ambulance standing there, and three American boys ranging in age from about 19 to 23 years. All had been 4-Fs in the States, refused by the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Merchant Marine. So they volunteered in the American Field Service, and have been over here driving ambulances for the British for about ten months. They started in India or North Burma, and have followed the advance; and will continue to follow the front lines. Incidentally, they and we were in the southernmost occupied part of Mandalay at the moment. Those boys drive up and down roads from which the snipers have sometimes not been cleared. They do a swell job, and their living conditions are the same as the combat troops—which I found to be rough enough!

While I was standing out at the ambulance, several stretcher cases were brought in. One was an Indian whose skull was cracked and whose brains were oozing out. His head had been bandaged securely, but he had no chance for life; he died, I later found, while enroute to the hospital. Another was a British lad who was severely wounded, but who was expected to recover; still another was a malaria patient, another with a broken arm, both British. Then, after a long delay, they

brought out a British boy who had a severe leg wound. This boy had been receiving blood plasma for an hour, but was still ashy pale. He continued to receive plasma, on the way to the hospital . . . I said hospital, but that is incorrect. There was no hospital in Mandalay, only a dressing station from which the patients would later be evacuated in L-5s to the hospital at Shwebo. The dangerously ill or wounded had little chance of surviving that long trip. It certainly was depressing to see these poor fellows, their lives ebbing away so far from home and their loved ones. I began to realize, more than ever before, the futility, the folly of war.

Some of the tales I heard from the British Tommies with whom I spent the evening and night were most interesting; and I heard the same tales from so many different Tommies that I believe them all.

There was the tale of the mule that was tied just behind the building, within a few yards of where I stood. The previous night a Jap mortar-bomb had landed squarely on the mule's back and had gone almost through his body. The bomb was a dud, but killed the mule. There were a dozen mules tethered close against tree trunks in the yard while the story was being told me, and I was shown the spot where it happened.

Then there was the tale of the Jap Medical Officer who had been captured the previous day as he knelt on the steps of a Roman Catholic Cathedral, two blocks away. We had driven by the cathedral the hour before, and had seen three burned Jap bodies along the street beside the cathedral. The roof of the cathedral was burned, but the walls and some of the windows were still intact. This Jap MO had received his commission only a few days before, and was ill with malaria when he was captured.

Another was of the thirty Japs that walked out of the Fort on the previous night, three abreast. They weren't recognized as Japs, marching as they did, boldly through the lines of the Berkshire Infantry Battalion. Finally some Tommy recognized them and blazed away with a Bren gun. It is thought that a few may have been hit, but there were no bodies the next day to prove it! The Japs had to go only a city block after passing through the Berkshires before being welcomed by Jap confederates!

But most interesting of all was a plan for the night . . . The Mandalay Railroad runs from north to south through the Fort, along the west wall. A locomotive and rail wagons were known to be in the Fort, and the locomotive has

been steamed up for two days. Col. Finch tells me that he's expecting the Japs in the Fort to make a break in the train tonight. The track runs through his area, just fifty yards from the building in which I will sleep. So Col. Finch has left the tracks in place in order to entice the Japs out. He has one Antitank Gun trained up the tracks toward the Fort, and another trained at the rails just south of us. If the train comes out, one gun will blast away at the locomotive while the other blows away the track ahead of the train to derail it! Col. Finch asked me if I wanted to go out on an ambush mission with his boys tonight, but I declined . . . In a way, I'd have liked to go; but these Indians don't speak English and I was afraid I'd have trouble because of my inability to understand or be understood. Well, that's ONE reason, anyway.

I bedded down on the brick floor beside one of the American Field Service boys, for the night. Neither Roj nor I had brought blankets, so we each borrowed one from American Field Service. Roj slept out in the yard, between the tethered mules and a little wooden pavilion, but I was in the brick building, on the ground floor. A bunch of Tommies were bedded down beside me. One offered me some hot "char," which I gladly accepted. So I got out a few packs of my cigarettes to give to these lads. Their ration is seven cigarettes per day, and they can smoke more than that . . .

Then I went into the Colonel's command post and found him with several of his officers, pouring over a map of Mandalay. The Colonel invited me to sit in with them in their staff meeting, and said that they were trying to work out a chess game that would be a sure "checkmate." He showed me his solution. A strong point here; a road block there; the boundary with the neighboring battalion. He figured that he had the Japs so bottled on his side that they could not get out . . . At this point, I did what I had come in to do; I gave him the bottle of Schenley's that I had lugged from India. He was quite appreciative, and seemed not to be able to understand when I wouldn't drink with them. I gave them each a pack of cigarettes, too, then went back to my pallet.

I had spread the blanket on the brick floor in two thicknesses. This was my mattress and my cover for the night. I hung my mosquito bar successfully, and used my field bag as a pillow. Then I sat around and listened to the Tommies. They had more stories, one of which I will repeat.

In Manipur last year these boys were with Gurkha troops, fighting off Jap at-

tacks. This was at the time of the extreme Jap penetration which reached north of Imphal. One night several Japs came into the camp in a bullock cart, the Japs in civilian dress. Nobody recognized the guys as Japs—there were seven of them. Finally a Gurkha turned loose with his Bren gun and killed the whole lot. Asked how he recognized the Japs, he said that he had thought them to be Indians until one walked over to the wheel of his cart and stood there urinating against the spokes. Then the Gurkha turned loose, for he knew Indians squat when peeing!

The night wore on. Next to me was the telephone operator who was making contact with the observation posts all night. At one time an outpost called for some mortar support, which was quickly furnished. Mortars were emplaced next to our building, so I was reminded that a war was going on outside. There was no Jap retaliatory fire, presumably because the Jap didn't want to give away his gun positions.

The night wore on as I lay there listening. I couldn't sleep on that hard brick floor, and I was keyed up enough to remain awake. I guess I slept about an hour, but that was all.

But day came at last. None of the expected excitement had materialized during the night. I climbed off my hard pallet and sore back, packed my gear, borrowed a basin and some water from a Tommy, and performed a hit-and-miss job of washing. Then I broke out a box of K-Breakfast ration, got a big canteen-cupful of boiling hot CHAR, and had my first meal in Mandalay. I hadn't gotten around to eating supper the previous night.

After breakfast Roj and I explored the building that I had slept in. As I have said before, it is a brick building. It was plastered with cement, giving it a smooth finish. We moved along down the steps, still further south—still nearer the Fort. Here we found an ideal spot to view the Fort from, as we were just 900 yards away, and perhaps four hundred feet above the Fort.

While we were standing there we heard airplanes approaching from the north. Then the planes began to come over us. They were Hurricanes, with a few Beaufighters thrown in, all carrying rockets. The first one made his dive and fired his rockets in pairs at the northeast corner of the wall. The rockets made their trails through the air, then burst on impact with the ground, slightly short of the wall. Then another and another. But out of perhaps fifteen attacks, only three rockets hit the wall, and these did little damage. Attack number one

was a complete failure, as far as I could tell.

Off to the west of us was the same 6" gun, shelling away in an effort to breach the wall near the northwest corner. We watched him lay round after round into the wall, point-blank from 300 yards. But it must have taken 20 or 30 rounds before dust began to rise from the inside of the wall. This showed penetration, but not a major breach of the wall.

Then I watched a tank rumble along the road on the east side of the hill, thence leaving the road it ambled up the hill and took position about fifty yards to the east of us. He then opened fire on the wooden sentry boxes at the northeast corner of the wall, and at each buttressed projection along the east wall. Sometimes it took two, three or four rounds to set these boxes afire, but soon he had six of them blazing.

Now we saw another gun and gun crew rolling through the race course that lies at the foot of the hill on the west side. The gun was another 6" job, and it moved into a 300 yard range and began to blast away at the north wall, near the northeast corner. It seemed to be a little more effective than the one at the other end of the north wall, but I guess this was because he was firing higher—nearer the top. But he kept blasting, and kept knocking brick out lower and lower. But his breach was so filled with the high pile of rubble that was left, that it would have been difficult for infantry to storm through—and impossible for tank or truck or field piece.

Then the planes were back. This time their target was an acre of ground just outside the moat, about midway of the east wall. The Japs were strongly dug in here, and the Hurricanes came in with 500 pound delayed-action bombs that made a terrible blast. More and more planes with their bombs, then the Hurricanes came in with their machine guns roaring as the planes dived low and strafed the area. There was no retaliatory fire. I guess the Japs were deep in their bunkers, either dead or laughing at the futility of this form of attack. Here, if ever, was the perfect opportunity for burning the Japs out with the napalm belly-tank incendiaries that we have been making. It would have had wonderful results, I'm sure. But the supply is limited and the napalm incendiaries are packed from the Arakan, not from this area of Burma.

By now it was well after noon, and we had little extra time for getting back to our base without overstaying our leave. So, reluctantly, we left this grandstand

seat, even though we learned that the Worcesters were going into the Fort that night—or were going to try. How tempting to spend the night and watch!

We made our way back to the tunnel and went in. Scattered about on the floor were the half-charred bodies of about a dozen Jap soldiers. These were not completely burned, and the stench was something that's hard to forget. The face of one of the bodies was completely white with maggots; military gear littered the floor—mess kits, grenades, all kinds of letters and papers, torn Japanese rupee notes. It was awful.

We left the tunnel, and Roj rummaged through some old Jap papers in another building in search of souvenirs. He picked up a little trash, but nothing worth saving. Then we continued our way toward the north steps. Twice more we came upon the half-charred bodies of Japs, and one of an Indian soldier. Previously, Roj had lifted the bayonet off a dead Jap body. I found a Jap cap that was not on a body, so picked it up and brought it along.

We finally reached the foot of the stairs and saw an Ordnance or Tank establishment nearby, so strolled over there to get some water and to see what we could do toward catching a ride. Here we found a jeep with two war correspondents, one from Australia, one from Tennessee! Mr. Rice, the Tennesseean, is a UP correspondent. They were headed for Brigade Headquarters, so we bummed a ride with them.

When we got to Brigade, we found a big staff meeting in progress with perhaps thirty or forty officers present. Outside there was a sand table showing the Fort, and obviously these were final plans for the attack, presumably for that night.

We didn't stick around Brigade, as we knew that we couldn't be welcome at that time. So we walked and walked, heading north toward the L-5 strip. We saw streams of British and American C-47s, and American C-46s dropping supplies by parachute from about 500 feet, above a big open field. These boys of the Combat Cargo Task Force supply the whole operation! I saw hundreds of packages drop out, three parachutes failed to open—but these aren't packed as carefully as crew member's chutes. The bags of rice were dropped without chutes, as they were double sacked.

After a long walk we caught a ride to the L-5 strip. We stuck around for a while, hoping that some plane would be going back empty. There was a crew from the 1st Air Commandos, salvaging an L-5 that had cracked up on an attempted takeoff the previous afternoon,

just after we left the field. We watched these boys take off all the good parts of the plane, then pour gasoline on the wings and in the cock-pit and burn the carcass. Then we climbed aboard the truck that was hauling the salvaged parts, for a ride to a new airfield that was to be tested by initial landings of a C-64 this afternoon.

The field was hard to reach, as we didn't know the way. But finally we made it, and found a 6,000 foot strip on which the British Airfield Engineers were still working. We sweated out the C-64 for a while, then two came in bringing reinforcements for the 19th Division. One was going back empty, so we climbed aboard and landed in Ondaw at 1615 after a most interesting day.

In the foregoing account of my experiences, I failed to recount two little items which were of interest to me:

All of the British officers and men that I came into contact with, admired the little caliber .30 carbine that I carried. I had heard that our Allies had fallen in love with the weapon, and that some had acquired US carbines. But the difficulty was in securing ammunition, which of course is not British issue. So I took with me on my trip a box of ammunition for our carbines.

I asked one of the Tommies of the Berkshire Infantry Battalion, where I spent the night, whether or not any one in his unit owned a carbine like mine. He replied that there was one in the Battalion, it belonging to an interpreter. The following morning this Tommie brought over a Chindit and told me that he was the interpreter who had the US carbine.

I asked the fellow a few things about himself, and found that he was a Burman who had gone into "Broadway" with Wingate last year. That's how he came into possession of the carbine. So I gave him my box of ammunition, for which he was grateful; I hope the Good Lord and the US Government won't begrudge me this illicit use of Government property, for I think I put it to excellent use!

The other item of interest is a description of two pagodas that I viewed from atop Mandalay Hill. One was the KUTHOTAW PAGODA which lay just a few hundred yards east of the southern tip of the hill. It must have been about 200 yards square, with a low white cement wall enclosing it. Just inside the wall was a hollow square formed by dozens of tall white pagoda shafts. Then came a hollow square of shade trees; then another of pagodas, etc. I don't know how many of these shafts rose from this pa-

goda, but there were many; and the overall effect was quite pretty.

The second was the TAIKTAW PAGODA which lay a couple of hundred yards south of the KUTHOTAW PAGODA. It was walled, as was the other, but the pagoda shafts that rose from within were not separated by the shade trees. This was not as inspiring as the other pagoda, but was beautiful anyway. We call those guys over there "heathen," but believe you me they are architects and builders deluxe!

17 MARCH: Before leaving Ondaw, I heard through 18th Headquarters that the 687th AAA Btry at Meiktila,

Burma, had been molested for a week, and had been under Jap artillery fire for the past two days. One man was shell-shocked, one with a head wound from a shell splinter. But the boys were sticking to their posts and fighting back as best they could with the weapons at hand. Elements of the British 14th Army are with them, and I think will relieve the pressure within a day or two. But at present, planes are landing and taking off from that field, under artillery fire!

Roj and I said good-bye to our friends and climbed aboard a C-46. □

God of Good Luck Obstacle to Rat Control

Detroit Free Press

BENARES, India—Ganesh, the Hindu god of good luck with an elephant-trunk nose rides upon a rat—at least many people here believe he does.

Should a family kill a rat, then Ganesh may never bring good luck back to their home. Although this belief is most prevalent among farmers, many city dwellers also want to avoid offending Ganesh.

This belief is only one of the obstacles to conserving food grains, now so desperately short in much of north India. It probably accounted for the disappearance of at least 100,000 tons of U.S. grain shipped to India this year. When rat damage to all of India's food crops is added in it becomes a major loss.

Consider the experience of one shop in this Hindu holy city that sells government rations. It's a 16-by-30-foot, one-story shop through which moves about six tons of wheat and flour every week, sacks are staked along brick and mud walls, while some of the grain is piled loose on the floor.

The manager of the shop estimates that there are 30 to 40 rats feeding every night upon sacks and loose grain. Government officials in allocating grain to him allow a small percentage for such loss, although it sometimes proves inadequate. Yet it would not occur to the manager or his staff to harm the rats.

Their attitude is shared by many employees of European firms like the rug-weaving factory 55 miles up the Ganges River near Mirzapur. When a rat is caught in a cage trap, the Hindu staff members prefer to take it out and release it in the fields.

A West German research team that investigated the rodent problem in India

concluded that India probably has about five rats for each of her 500 million human inhabitants.

Generations may be needed to teach ordinary Hindus new customs and values that will permit control of these pests. Meanwhile, there is a major job to be done by teams of American specialists who have begun looking at the problem of grain distribution and milling in India.

Steel or concrete storage elevators have yet to come to most of India, although they could make a major difference in crop protection. So could rodent control all along the route from ports where U.S. grain is unloaded to the distribution centers.

Pressure for more food now in the drought-stricken areas is so great that there is some hope for improvement in the near future. □

Tell All Your
Friends About
Ex-CBI
Roundup

India's "Drys" Seem to Be Weakening

There's Gold in Those Stills

By Selden Menefee

San Francisco Chronicle

The days of some Indian moonshiners may be numbered—not because the officials are getting tough, but because of the attractiveness of liquor taxes.

Prohibition in India today is spotty. Most cities where legislatures meet are wet by legislative fiat, though rural areas of the same state are dry, as in Mysore.

Gandhiji, as the Mahatma is called here, campaigned actively against selling liquor. Orthodox Hindus and Moslems tend to be prohibitionists. And most women of rural India favor prohibition on the theory that their men might bring more money home. This is a combination that is hard to change.

Nevertheless there are some signs that point to the end of prohibition in the states. Communist-governed Kerala has lifted the ban on liquor that still prevailed in half of that state.

Top officials are frank about the reason: they want 60 million rupees in liquor taxes that they expect repeal to bring into the state coffers. (Even at 7.5 rupees to the dollar, that's a lot of money.)

In Kerala the common man drinks mainly toddy, made from the sap of the toddy palm fermented overnight. It tastes like warm, moldy beer. Palm-thatched, open-air toddy parlors flourish along the roadsides. There is even a special caste called the Toddy Tappers.

The other main drink in Kerala is arrack, a distilled liquor whose origins are obscure, being many and varied. Arrack is a favorite drink of tea plantation workers in the Western Ghats (mountains) and they say some illicit distillers there spike it with battery acid to give it flavor. It is a menace to health, like bootleg liquor anywhere.

Yet a wet Kerala will not necessarily mean all liquor will be legal and tax-paid. Toddy and arrack have been costing more in the wet areas than in the illicit shops of the dry areas, because toddy-vending rights are sold at public auction for 50,000 rupees or more and excise taxes on arrack are high.

So the chances are that some illicit stills will continue to operate, underselling the legal shops.

Bombay went "dry" in 1950, and the illicit liquor system burgeoned. It now

employs an estimated 300,000 people. Bombay's annual drinking bill is said to be 400 million rupees, or twice the size of the city's milk bill.

In 1963 issuance of liquor permits was liberalized (you can get one by producing a doctor's certification that you are an alcoholic) and tourists can buy liquor 365 days a year in Bombay.

But thousands of slum dwellers run stills under filthy conditions, and other thousands bring "country liquor" into Bombay daily in bicycle inner tubes, football and beachball bladders, and milk cans. If they are stopped at the border, they may simply share a drink with the inspecting policeman and continue on their way into the city.

The new state of Haryana, west of Delhi, has just abolished prohibition in one "pilot project" district that had been dry for 18 years. The authorities had found guarding the "dry island" too costly, especially since it had become a haven for moonshiners and corrupt officials. So they decided to end the experiment, and collect 7 million rupees a year in additional excise taxes instead.

Delhi has been wet all along—except for Tuesdays and Fridays and the first day of each month, plus all national and local holidays (which may total 30 in a year). One recent week, liquor was sold on only three days, including Sunday.

Theoretically, Delhi has no bars, except some for tourists in hotels. Even there, you have to be a registered guest, or guest of a guest, or have a foreign passport; an Indian may have to claim Malaysian citizenship in order to buy a beer in his own country. There are legal liquor shops, but "country liquor" there costs 10 rupees a bottle compared to only three rupees for bootleg stuff.

One of the biggest centers of the illegal liquor trade in Delhi is to the rear of a big bungalow right on Janpath avenue, near the center of the city. Here you can buy "kucchee" or home brew for three rupees a bottle. Down another lane nearby, you can buy foreign whiskey any time at outrageous prices.

The foreign liquor trade is most lucrative. Foreign diplomats can buy up to \$1000 worth of tax-free liquor a year from bonded warehouses at 15 rupees (\$2) a fifth. □

Exchange Mail at Top of the World

San Francisco Chronicle

GANGTOK, SIKKIM—Two times a week an Indian postal official, bundled up against the cold, crosses the snow-bound, 14-200-foot high Sikkim-Tibet border at Natu La and hands over to an equally bundled Chinese official a bag of mail.

In return, he receives another bag of mail from the Chinese and carries it back across the pass.

The regular exchange, which takes place in sun or cloud, in mist, sleet and almost perpetual wind, marks one of the highest and loneliest contacts between the Peking regime and the outside world.

Sometimes the mail bags are empty. But the ritual of exchanging them is still observed punctually.

Even during the three tense days when Peking served an ultimatum to Indian troops stationed at Natu La to dismantle bunkers the Chinese claimed were on their side of the border, Sept. 19 to 22, 1965, the Chinese messenger showed up right on time to meet his Indian counterpart.

The bags generally contain letters

from Tibetan refugees living in Sikkim and on the Indian side of the Himalayas to their families and friends in Tibet. They bring news, although heavily censored, from Tibet. A Tibetan source here says that a letter posted in Lhasa sometimes takes no more than four days to be delivered in Gangtok.

The regular exchange was prompted by humanitarian considerations in 1960—when relations between New Delhi and Peking were still fairly good.

It was designed to ease communications in a situation where families living on each side of the mountain border would otherwise have to wait for their letters to go the long way around by Canton or Shanghai, a trip that might take a letter many weeks.

Up to November last the mail bags had been handed over at a tiny collection of stone huts six miles on the Chinese side of the border known as Chumbithang. In November, however, the Chinese announced that the Indian couriers would no longer be allowed as far as Chumbithang. Since then the bags have been handed over at a point only 50 yards from the border □



NEW DELHI—The Union Food and Agriculture Ministry is making a desperate bid to prevent an approaching fertilizer crisis that could hit the next khari crop. Over the past four months, fertilizer ships have been arriving at half the expected rate while the supply of the indigenous product has yet to show signs of picking up. After two successive years of severe drought it is considered essential that the maximum possible production is achieved this year.

BANKURA—Wide areas in Bankura district are in acute distress where drought which destroyed the aus and aman crops last year and led to the drying up of rivers, tanks, ponds, canals and wells. The district Magistrate has received reports saying that in some areas of the Sadar subdivisions, people quench their thirst from a muddy pool, the ruins of a huge reservoir where lepers take their bath and others use it for all purposes. All the signs of famine are there: rickety children, wretched

men and women with sunken eyes, and cheek bones piercing through the freckled skin, parched earth and bamboo roof frames sticking out in between patches of worn out thatch.

NEW DELHI—Latest figures show that for every rupee earned from the Government-owned narrow gauge railways, about twice as much has to be spent on maintenance. Today, motorable roads run parallel to most of the narrow gauge sections and former rail passengers are utilizing the road transport facilities. The economics of these railway lines had been studied in 1955 and as early as 1961 the Railway Board felt that some of these narrow gauge lines should continue. These included the Darjeeling-Himalaya; Simlalka and Kangra Valley sections; and the South Eastern Railway serving the Satpura range.

NEW DELHI—Prices in the villages rose by 10 times during the 30 years from 1936 to 1966, according to the rural price index compiled by the Ministry of Labour and Employment. The index is based on information collected from four centres in Andhra and eight in Madras, these two States being among the most progressive in the country.

A Scandal In Housing

From INDIAN NOTEBOOK
In The Statesman

Housing in Delhi has always been something of a scandal. Until independence almost all houses in the capital of India were Government-owned which meant that the city that Lutyens built was virtually out of bounds to those who were not the salaried servants of the Raj. Since then, especially during the last decade, many private houses have been built in such exclusive areas as Chanakyapuri, Golf Links, Sundernagar, Friends Colony and the like. But the bulk of these houses are expensive and therefore out of the reach of all but diplomats, flourishing contractors, and a privileged new class of our perquisitive society which just won't take on a job unless a free furnished house is thrown in as part of the bargain. What happens to the less fortunate multitude is nobody's concern.

Those belonging to the Government do not have to worry about rents, for their rents are fixed at a reasonable proportion of their pay, no matter how big or small the residential accommodation given to them. But if the discrimination between those in the Government and those outside is odious, equally objectionable is the caste discrimination with the Government practised in the matter of housing. The whole pattern of official housing is beset with shameless stratification. Aged or ageing men at the top with small families occupy sprawling bungalows set in several acres, in the heart of the capital, barely a few minutes' drive from their place of work, the Secretariat. The miserable clerk, the typists, the assistant and many other humble folk must make do with hot boxes that have proliferated on the outskirts of Delhi.

Only the demolition squad can provide an answer to this sorry state of affairs. But who has the time or inclination to call in the demolition squad when the scramble for bigger and better houses has become an exciting pastime among the capital's sizable population of VIP's?

As in "Animal Farm" so in Delhi—some Members of Parliament are more equal than others. On various grounds—tenable and ridiculous, ingenious or disingenuous—some MPs have always got bungalows or even bigger mansions while most MPs have to be content with

flats, or at best semi-detached houses. No sooner does an MP, whether in a bungalow or a flat, become a Minister or even a Deputy Minister than he starts clamouring for a Ministerial mansion. After the formation of the new Government, as many as eight Ministers had their eye on a particularly beautiful Ministerial house: ultimately the Minister for Works and Housing had to draw lots for it.

* * *

This struggle among VIPs for more commodious and comfortable houses has broken the bounds of normal decent behaviour. Those who have no official position whatever, but hang round on the periphery of political power, would go to any lengths to wheedle the Government into giving them what can only be described as "grace and favor" houses. And judging by the number of those who have succeeded in doing so—notwithstanding the threat of "market" or "penal" rent being imposed—it seems that the dispenser of official housing is easily susceptible to cajolery or perhaps influence.

Retired Ambassadors and Governors are known to have demanded—successfully—that they must have houses in Delhi commensurate with their status. Retiring civil servants, as well as some defeated Ministers, are known to practically beg for some kind of supernumerary job in the public sector so that they might hang on to the comfortable houses they have got used to. Nothing is more pathetic, however, than the sight of powerful men of the past who have lost all claim to official houses but refuse to vacate them. Things have come to a very sorry pass indeed when Mr. Krishna Menon has to be served with an eviction notice. One only hopes that the services of the bailiff will not be required to dislodge him from the 19, Teen Murti Marg.

Be Sure to Notify Roundup

When You Change Your Address.

Book Reviews



MAIDEN VOYAGES: *A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler.* By Rochelle Girson. Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$5.75.

Exotic anecdotes and a wealth of travel information for women from the off-beat foreign travels of the book review editor of the Saturday Review. Included is a section about her experiences on a houseboat in Kashmir, although the book ranges throughout the world.

DELINQUENT CHACHA. By Ved Mehta. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$3.95.

A novel introducing the gentle and preposterous Chacha, a Hindu Micawber inspired to extravagant deeds by his hope of joining the English upper class. His schemes invariably fail, yet his inner dignity and authentic charm put him far ahead of the types he yearns to resemble. Chacha's adventures first appeared in the pages of the New Yorker.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA: 1793-1949. By Roger Pelissier. Translated and edited by Martin Kieffer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$7.95.

Well-known observers such as Edgar Snow, Theodore H. White and Lin Yutang give their impressions of China during its most turbulent years—from the twilight of Imperial power to its emergence as a Communist state. There are vivid descriptions of Chinese life and first-hand accounts of turmoil, brigandage, and war and the natural disasters—droughts and floods—that have beset China for almost all her modern history. More than a third of the book is given to the early years of the Communist regime.

CHRIST IN INDIA: Essays Towards a Hindu-Christian Dialogue. By Bede Griffiths. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$4.95.

Written by an English Benedictine monk who received permission to found a monastery in India in 1958. Steeped in knowledge of and admiration for the deeply religious Indian nature and traditions, he makes a plea for communion between East and West towards a thoroughly one-world concept. He believes that the Catholic church must open the way to a genuine ecumenical spirit to-

wards Buddhism, Hinduism, and Islam. He analyzes non-violence, not as a spineless attitude but one of utmost bravery.

JOURNEY THROUGH CHINA. By Jules Roy. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. April 1967. \$8.50.

French journalist Roy had extensively studied books on China before he visited it in 1964, and arrived with high expectations of writing a chronicle of the Chinese revolution. He departed in anger, however, because the Chinese gave him little other than the standard tour of factories and museums. He was appalled by Chinese fanaticism and convinced that "China's love for peace was a lie."

CHINA BOMB. By Richard Tregaskis. Ives Washburn, Inc., New York, N.Y. July, 1967. \$6.50.

A suspense story, the first novel by the author of "Guadalcanal Diary" and "Vietnam Diary," in which U.S. intelligence agents discover that China plans to drop a hydrogen bomb on the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

HE WHO RIDES THE TIGER. By Luis Taruc. Frederick A. Praeger, New York, N.Y. May 1967. \$4.95.

The autobiography of an Asian guerilla leader who fought the Japanese during the occupation of the Philippines, then commanded the Huks, the Communist guerilla forces, against his own government. In 1954 he came down from the hills and surrendered. In this book he tells why he first embraced, then abandoned, Communism, and was eventually converted to Christianity.

THE FALL OF JAPAN. By William Craig. The Dial Press, New York, N.Y. July 1967. \$6.95.

A documentary history of what happened in Japan from the moment of the Axis surrender of Europe to the last bitter day of Japanese surrender aboard the USS Missouri. This is a story of the men involved as well as the events, told from both the American and Japanese viewpoints.

THE LAST GREAT EMPRESS OF CHINA. By Charlotte Haldane. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. May 1967. \$7.50.

This book about Tzu Hsi, the Empress Dowager who ruled China from 1861 to 1908, tells about life at the top in China in the last days of the empire. It goes inside the Forbidden City, where the Emperor, his Empress and concubines lived, cut off from almost all contact with outside China. It covers court intrigues, political murders, and struggles to maintain sufficient allies within the court circle to guard against a sudden, violent death.



INDIANS building new U.S. Army barracks on Queensway in New Delhi, in 1942. Photo by Ben Brannon.

Bertha MacMillon

● This is to inform you of the death of Major Bertha MacMillon, A.N.C. (ret.), who had kept active in nursing. Major MacMillon died October 17, 1966, and was buried with full military honors in Arlington. She was stationed with the 112th in Karachi, 181st in Calcutta and the 73rd Evac. in Ledo and Shing. She also served in Korea the entire time and also ETO. A great gal and friend.

JANE BEISSER HAMMER,
Jersey City, N.J.

Rowe Honored

● The General George W. Sliney Basha of San Francisco on June 17 honored an Old China Hand, Robert P. Rowe, with a gala dinner party at Col. George Chow's Golden Pavilion in Chinatown with 40 persons attending. Bob and Kathryn Rowe were presented many mementos of his service and their memberships in CBIVA. As a first lieutenant Bob left Ledo in April 1945 with Third Battalion, 12th Regiment, 1st Provisional Chinese-American Tank Group, for a 1,700 mile march to a battle front near Canton, China. The march required seven months time before the outfit was disbanded. Rowe's

ingenuity was instrumental in getting the outfit across the famed Salween bridge and over the 21 Steps to Heaven at Annan, China. He was later promoted to captain and recommended for the Bronze Star. After his CBI days Rowe enlisted in the Air Force and is a senior master sergeant at Castle Air Force Base, Calif. After 27 years of service he is soon to be retired with his CBI rank of captain. As with all old CBI Hands, Bob Rowe is what we like to call "a special breed of people." Ding Hao, Bob.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

B. T. Cournoyer

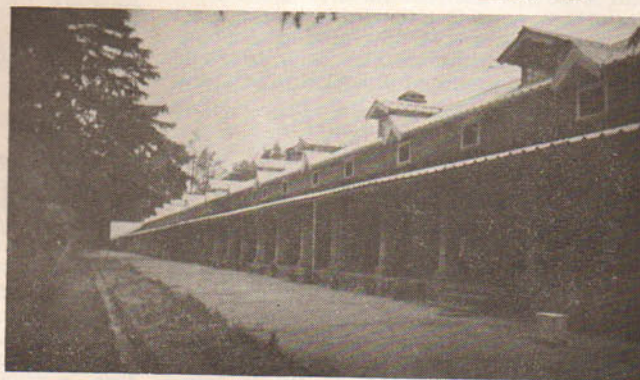
● Bertrand T. Cournoyer, 47, a charter life underwriter for Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. at Rochester, N.Y., died May 18, 1967, at Strong Memorial Hospital. Born at Manville, R.I., he attended Providence College two years, then served in the Army Air Corps during World War II and spent 32 months in the CBI theater. After being discharged with the rank of major, he received a bachelor's degree in 1948 from Brown University before starting to work for Northwestern. Survivors include his wife, two daughters and his parents.

(From a clipping submitted by Ed Bernard, Rochester, N.Y.)

352nd Engineers

● The 25th anniversary of the 352nd Engineers is definitely established to be held Aug. 11 and 12 at the Executive International Inn, Bypass 66 and Interstate 70, Bridgeton, Mo., northwest of St. Louis, about 15 miles from center of town. Fifty-seven officers were advised of the anniversary; 42 responded to the inquiry and 38 officers, their wives, etc., plan to attend.

JOHN A. CARLSON,
Northfield, Ill.



HOSPITAL at Ramkhet, India, may be remembered by former patients. Photo by Andrew Janko.



NATIVE CARPENTERS working on a barracks building at Camp Ramgarh, India, in 1942. Photo by Andrew Janko.

20th General Hospital

● Have just found another CBier who didn't know about your Ex-CBI Roundup: Dr. Harold G. Scheie, Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa. He was on the staff of splendid doctors who ran the 20th General Field Hospital at Ledo, commanded by the famous Brig. Gen. Isadore Ravdin.

R. SELEE,
Colonel, USA, Ret.,
Balboa, Canal Zone

Like Yesterday

● Have almost all the copies of Ex-CBI Roundup back to Volume I. Doesn't seem like this is the 22nd volume seems like only yesterday as I read the wonderful editorials and articles on our escapades in the "forgotten theater." Keep up the good work; may you receive a subscription from every ex-CBIer in the world is my prayer.

ELI A. HOMZA,
McKeesport, Pa.

West Point

● In answer to J. V. Kellner's letter concerning the West Point (Roundup's June 1967 issue), I too was a passenger in 1943 on the gorgeous ship with A.N.C. en route to Karachi. Two years ago I attended a bon voyage party on the "America" en route to Germany.

Since that time she was sold to the Greek government.

JANE HAMMER,
Jersey City, N.J.

Data for Roundup

● During my recent stay in the V.A. Hospital here in Houston, I found several former CBiers who did not know of either Ex-CBI Roundup or the CBIVA. Needless to say, I gave them all the information necessary. If each one of us would submit a single piece of data for the editors to put in Roundup, there

would be many future issues with lots of interesting stories, pictures, etc. You have done a wonderful job in producing this magazine; keep up the good job well done.

WILLIAM A. CROSS,
Houston, Texas

54th Service Group

● In going through some old papers, I have come across rosters of the various units of the 54th Air Service Group with which I served at Tezgaon, India. If any of your readers need information which I have, they may contact me at P.O. Box 192, Athens, Ga. 30601.

JOHN P. BONDURANT,
Athens, Ga.

12th Comm. Sq.

● Was with the 12th Comm. Sq. in China and have lost track of all the guys but Bob Hubbell out in Colorado and Bob Krause in California. Still hear from them on holidays and would like to hear from others who remember me. Often wonder what became of Kenny Smith of Patoka in Indiana.

ELI A. HOMZA,
308 Scene Ridge Rd.,
McKeesport, Pa.



STREET scene in Calcutta, India, in 1944 with traffic policeman on drum in middle of intersection. Note "stop" sign hanging on his chest. Photo by Julius L. Rosenfeld.

Commander's Message

by

Joseph T. Nivert

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Dear Friends,

Last month, I mentioned that this message would be my last, and soon you will enjoy the fresh ideas of a new commander. If my messages were read, you might have sensed a bit of seriousness at times. It is an indication that I love the organization and that I would have it grow bigger each day. It is my way of showing gratitude and, somehow, expressing a desire to repay the CBIVA for the many pleasures that my family has enjoyed over the many years.

Tillie and I attended the Iowa State meeting in Sioux City, Iowa, in early May. This was a memorable occasion, for we visited with old friends and wish to thank everyone who made our visit so enjoyable. Who could forget people like the Aldersons, the Doyles, and Hertels, to mention a few. But something bigger and better happened on this trip that I must relate.

I never read or heard more CBI publicity than Sioux City afforded us. This publicity was a direct result of Don Doyle's efforts and it really paid off. We signed up seventeen new members from Nebraska, South Dakota, and Western Iowa. The list of potential members swelled accordingly. The meeting was a success from every aspect, and much credit goes to the Beggs and the Bodine families aside from the names mentioned above. I had the pleasure to install Marvin Boyenga as the new state commander, a great Iowan with a fine slate of officers to work with. My congratulations to each.

There is a lesson to learn wherever you travel. This Iowa trip has taught me to stay within the speed limits of any state, and to be nice to anyone from Amana as they gave me a gallon of "piestangle" to take home.

Another great event was the spring board meeting in Cincinnati, O., on May 20th. To quote our Chaplain, Father Glavin, "Joe, maybe we should have more than two board meetings a year". His quote should give you some idea that these meetings do serve a purpose and they are fun. I hope that each of you

get the opportunity to attend one of these in the near future.

Much thanks go to Commander Bill McDaniel and to all the members of the Queen City Basha. If this was a sample of the hospitality that we can expect for the August reunion, I would suggest that everyone take full advantage of this. It was hospitality-plus. A special thanks to the Nilsens and the Merandas for those receptions.

Reunion Chairman Bill Eynon gave details for this coming reunion on August 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1967. The Sheraton Gibson offers reduced rates. The registrations fees are in line. All arrangements met with the board's approval. The entire family will be catered to, and there is little more to say. We want you to visit beautiful Ohio. We want you and the family to enjoy yourself and to take home some nice thoughts about the good people you are sure to meet and the fun you are certain to have.

Received a copy of the Jackal Juice Journal, edited by Glenn C. Hess, 8751 Oswego Rd. RD 2, Clay, N.Y., for former members of the 843rd AAA AW Bn. Rtd. It is a fine publication and former members of the 843rd could be in for a special treat by writing Glenn.

May was a hectic month but I enjoyed every minute of it with the exception of a few incidents on the golf course. Memorial Day was another memorable day for myself. As Commander of the Veterans' Division in the parade I led numerous groups in a beautiful tribute to all departed comrades marching through downtown Youngstown.

Before I write the last word, I want to introduce my family to the readers. Tillie, whom I mentioned so often, is my understanding and lovable wife. Joe, 21 years of age, has completed his fourth year of Chemical Engineering at Youngstown State University. He ranked in the upper 1% of the school and has a summer job at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Research Center. Judy, age 18, graduated from high school this June. She has a summer job as a clerk in a dairy store and also will attend Youngstown State this fall to pursue a career in teaching.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa. —Ed.



NATIVE huts in Ramgarh, India, typical of the homes in that particular area. Photo by Andrew Janko.

Assam Dragon

● Although I spent most of my time in China (315th Service Squadron, 14th Air Force, at Kweilin, Chengtu, Nanking and Hankow), along with Bob Koshland, I recall something which amused me as I passed through Chabau. A truck driver on the airdrome had painted a Chinese dragon on his cab door and below it had stenciled "My Assam Dragon."

R. J. KIRKPATRICK,
Marshall, Va.

Artillery Center

● Was stationed at Kunming, China, at War Area Service Command—in the FATC Artillery Training Center teaching Chinese the use, maintenance and transport of the 105 pack howitzer. My American attachment was Hq. & Hq. Operational Staff. I am now a school teacher in West Virginia and would like to hear from some former buddies.

BUELL L. JANNEY,
Guyan, W. Va. 24838

1364th MP Company

● Arrived at Bombay in March, 1944, on the Mariposa, with the 1364th MP Co. (Avn) from Camp Barkley, Texas, and was attached to the 51st Air Service Group (APO 629)

at Mohanbari. Later was transferred to Hq and Hq Co. of the 51st and assigned to the Air Inspectors and Intelligence section at group with Major Thomas, the permanent TJA. This interesting assignment included some schooling in Erdu, a lot of courts-martial activity, and even participation in the All American Track and Field Meet

held in Calcutta in February, 1945. Left in May, 1945, by air for 13th OC-JAGD at U of M, Ann Arbor, Michigan, with eventual assignment as Post JA, Camp Grant, Illinois. I have an historical diary of the 1364th, which I intend to send in one day, when I can polish it up a bit.

KENNETH T. HAYES,
Lt. JAGC-USAR (Ret),
Grand Rapids, Mich.

11th Bomb Squadron

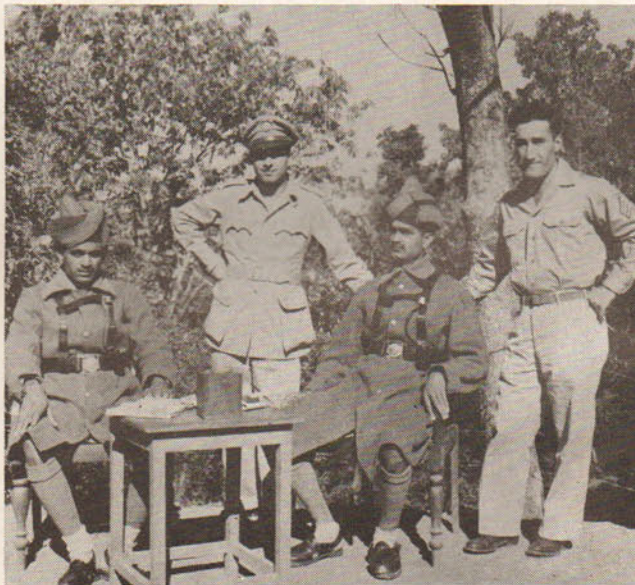
● Somewhere buried in my old CBI "collections" are copies of the CBI Roundup that have a few bylines and pictures by yours truly. I was the 11th Bomb Squadron correspondent when we were stationed at Kweilin and Lingling, China.

JOHN CHAPMAN,
Sioux Falls, S.D.

Effort to Publish

● Much credit is due you who give the tremendous effort to publish this magazine. Many thanks.

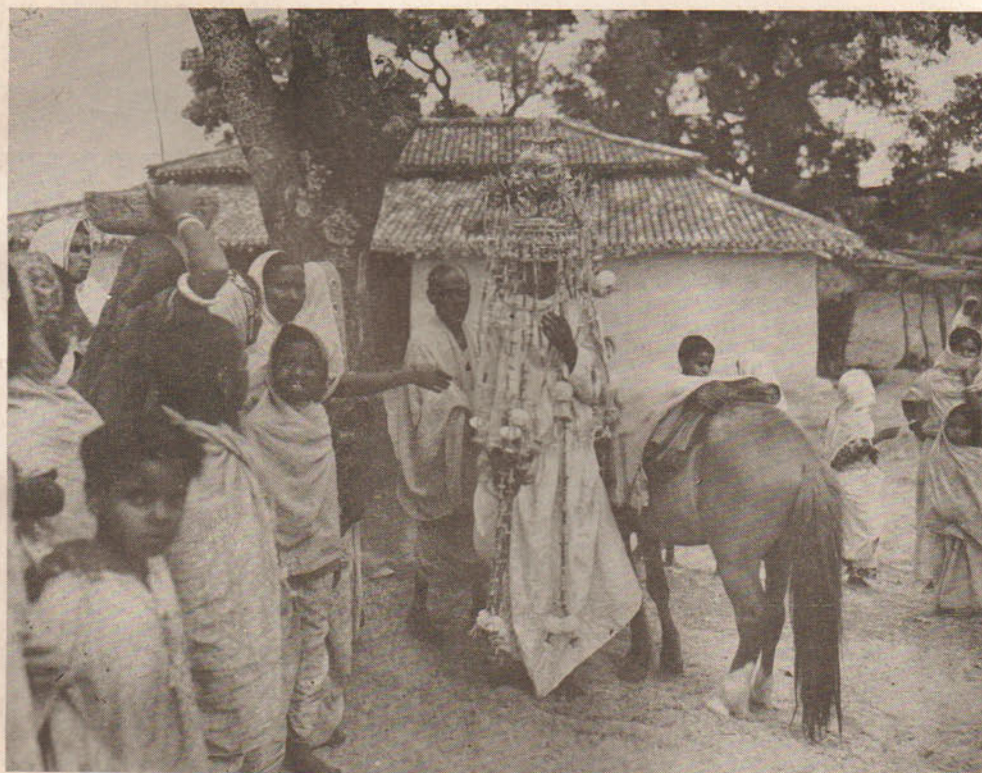
HUDSON C. EAST,
Lake Charles, La.



POSING with local police in Calcutta are Frank (Don't look at the Camera) Amelia and Tony Taramella. Photo by Rex Smith.



SNOW-CAPPED peaks loom up in the background in this interesting picture of Darjeeling, India, taken in August 1944. Photo by Julius L. Rosenfeld.



HINDU wedding in village near Ramgarh. Note the bride isn't present; the bridegroom receives all the attention. Photo by Frank Amelia.

VOGUE JUNE 1945